

H-----SS----r

T O

Sir *C-----H-----W-----s:*

O R,

The Rural REFLECTION

O F A

WELCH POET.

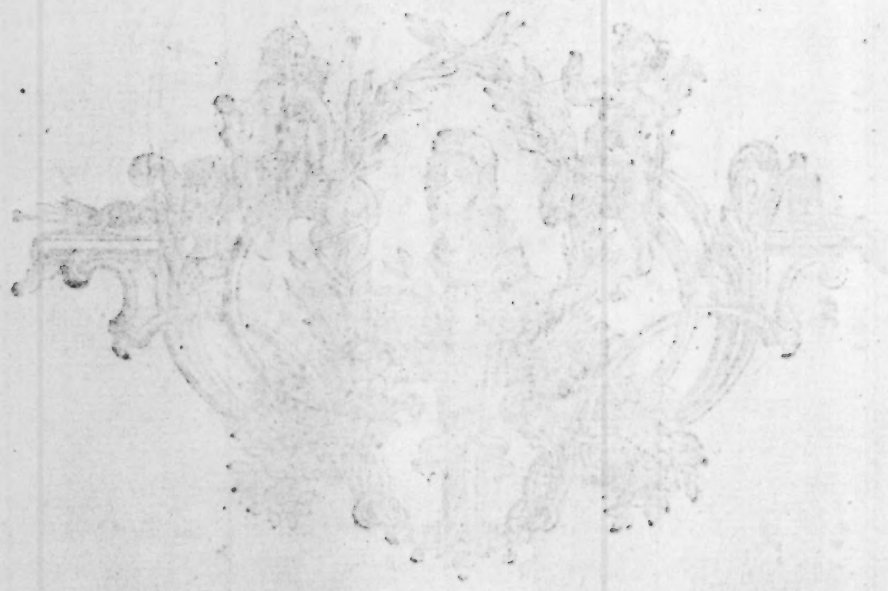


L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's. 1746.

[Price Six Pence.]

TO
SIR C. H. W.
OR
The Royal Reception
OF
WELCH POET.



LONDON:
Printed for A. Moore near St. Paul's. 1746.
[Price Six Pence.]



H--ff--y to Sir *C-----* *H-----* *W-----s* :

O R,

The RURAL REFLECTION

O F A

WELCH POET.

I.

STOP, stop, my Steed! hail *Cambria*, hail,
 With craggy Clifts and darksome Vale,
 May no rude Steps defile them!
 Your Poet with a Vengeance sent
 From *London* post, is hither bent
 To find a safe Asylum.

II.

Bar, bar the Doors, exclude e'en Fear,
 Who prefs'd upon my Horse's Rear,
 And made the Fleet still fleetier;
 Here shall my hurried Soul repose,
 And undisturb'd by IRISH Prose,
 Renew my Lyric Metre.

III.

Thus *Flaccus* at *Philippi's* Field
 Behind him left his little Shield,
 And sculk'd in *Sabine* Cavern:
 Had I not wrote that cursed Ode,
 My Coward Heart I ne'er had shew'd
 The Jest of every Tavern.

IV.

Ye Guardians of *Mercurial* Men,
 I boast from you my sprightly Pen,
 I rhyme by your Direction:
 Why did you partial Gifts impart?
 You gave a Head, but gave no Heart,
 No Heart for Head's Protection:

V.

Hence 'tis my Wit out-runs my Strength,
 And scans each Inch of H--ss--y's Length,
 His Length of Sword forgetting;
 Hence angry Boys my Rhyme provoke,
 I ne'er (too serious proves the Joke)
 Can think on't without Sweating.

VI.

What * Lieutenant once deny'd,
 My inauspicious Wit supply'd,
 And forc'd me into Action;
 To me, as to this Scribe indite,
 HIBERNIA'S Sons --- I cannot write,
 To give them Satisfaction.

VII.

Fool, cou'd I sing for others Sport,
 The taking of the Duchess' FORT,
 And which the Way to win her;
 I, undisturb'd, my Town enjoy'd,
 Then (NERO like) with Fire destroy'd,
 By springing Mines within her.

VIII.

VIII.

Oh! had I sung sweet Roundelay,
 Great *George's* Birth, or New-years Day,
 As innocent as *Colly*,
 Your other *Pope*, (oh hear, ye Nine!)
 He'd gladly all his Odes resign,
 And screen himself in Folly.

IX.

Ah! since my Fear has forc'd me hither,
 I feel no more that sweet blue Weather
 The Muses most delight in;
 Dark and more dark each Cloud impends,
 And ev'ry Message from my Friends
 Conveys sad Hints of fighting.

X.

To harmless Themes I'll tune my Reed,
 Listen, ye Lambkins, whilst you feed,
 Ye Shepherds, Nymphs, and Fountains;
 Ye Bees, with soporiferous Hums,
 Ye pendent Goats, if *H--ff--y* comes,
 Convey me to your Mountains.

XI.

There I may sing secure, nor Fear
 Shall pull the Songster by the Ear,
 T'advise me whilst I am writing:
 Or if my Satire will burst forth,
 I'll lampoon Parsons in my Wrath,
 Their Cloth forbids them fighting.

XII.

When e'er I think, can *W-----s* brook
 To sculk beneath that lonely Nook,
 And tamely bear what few will?
H-r-----t like *Priam's* Son appears,
 Cries as he shakes his bloody Ears,
 Beware of *Irish* Duel.

XIII.

I flutter like *Macbeth*! arise
 Strange Scenes, and swim before my Eyes,
 Swords, Pistols, bloody ---- shocking!
 Whole Crowds of *Irish* cross my View,
 I feel th' involuntary Dew
 Run trickling down my Stocking.

XIV.

Sure Sign how all's within, I trow :
C--n---l once forc'd such Streams to flow,
So dreadful he to meet is ;
Shou'd gentle *C-rnb---y*, *Lie---r*, *B--b*,
Or drowfy *S---h--e*, wake in Wrath,
'Twould cause a Diabetes.

XV.

Oh *Patrick*, Courage-giving Saint,
Reverse my Pray'r thou late didst grant,
Or I'm forever undone !
Rust all their Pistols, break their Swords,
And if they'll fight it out in Words,
I'll come again to *London*.

XIII.

F I N I S.

